

Fremont, Albany, NY

Drawer 15

Services Enroute

Aug 25 - 2015



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Friends of The Lincoln Collection of Indiana, Inc.

<http://archive.org/details/assassinationoxxxx00linc>

The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Funeral Train Route

Albany, New York

April 26, 1865

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Jan 19 1912

LINCOLN'S BODY AT ALBANY.

Story of Old Resident Who as Small Boy Viewed Remains of First Martyr President Lying in State at Capitol—Interesting Incidents of Eventful Day—The Trip, the Crowd and the Train.

A resident of the old village of Lansingburgh a few evenings since interestingly told the story of how he saw the body of Abraham Lincoln in its coffin in the old State House at Albany one day in April, 1865. Only a few nights before, the great war President had been shot at Ford's Theatre, Washington, and the remains were on the way from the national capital to Springfield, Ill. The narrator, then a mere boy, was taken to Albany by his father and mother. His father went to Albany the night before, was there when the funeral train arrived and looked on the face of the dead President in the early hours of the morning, when the gathering of people was comparatively small. Then he returned to Lansingburgh for his wife and son. There was another son, younger, who, the speaker remembered, ran after the carriage for a distance, crying and bewailing his lot at being left behind, although he had no conception of the object of the trip.

On the evening of April 15, 1865, he started, as was his wont, to accompany his father a short distance on the way to the latter's place of business. The two passed over what was then Hookick Street, and over Thirtieth to State Street, at present Second Avenue, where they met the late Albert E. Powers. He had his handkerchief in his hand and was crying. Queried as to the cause of his tears, he replied, in a voice trembling with emotion: "President Lincoln is dead—killed!" When the party reached Albany, the trio went to the old railroad yard to see the funeral train. How many cars there were the speaker did not recall, but he could recollect them as heavily draped with great masses of crepe. Along the embankment, west of the train, there was a great concourse of men, women and children, the majority of whom had assembled early in the morning, and remained until the body was brought back to the train. The crowd in itself, silent, reverential and evidently profoundly moved, was an impressive sight. Many were in tears, and conversation was carried on in hushed tones.

A Sad Army.

Extending along Broadway several blocks, winding into State Street and continuing up the hill to the big gates of the high fence of iron pickets that inclosed the old State House yard, a great army, four abreast, crept slowly toward the Capitol. All day that stream of people lined the way, moving with a weariness and tediousness that at last became disheartening, toward the goal of the Capitol at the summit of the hill, where the body of the martyred President lay in state in a room on the north side of the building.

The trio from Lansingburgh took places in the line, but toward noon such little progress had been made that they relinquished their position and walked up the State Street hill to the gates. There they found a crush and a crowd almost uncontrollable in its impatience after so long a wait. The gateway was

not wide, and the police could not prevent frequent jams and small panics. Women screamed and fainted, hats and articles of wearing apparel were lost, and at times men fought for a place.

The Father's Impulse.

The father, moved by the thought that it would be a distinctive event for him to look back upon, was extremely anxious that his son should gaze on the face of the dead President. Under the conditions he gave up all hope of getting any other member of the family through the gateway and began to cast about for some means by which to accomplish his purpose. By great good fortune, he finally described a friend from Lansingburgh within the inclosure, who had already passed through the room and emerged from the northern door of the building. Calling to him he asked if he would not assist in putting the lad over the fence and then manage to get him into the room. The man acquiesced and at a time when the entire police force was busy at the gates the boy was assisted in climbing the fence from the outside and helped down on the other. The rest was comparatively easy. Once the people were inside the inclosure it was possible to form them two abreast and the man took the boy close to the door. Then he requested a trustworthy appearing individual in line to take the youngster by the hand and pass him through while the Lansingburgher went to the north door to await his reappearance.

At the Casket.

One very marked impression made on the mind of the narrator was the length of time it occupied to go from the foot to the head of the casket. He could remember how the thought came to him of reading in descriptions of Abraham Lincoln that he was six feet four inches in height, and that fact particularly explained the lapse of time. Besides, many of those who preceded him stood a minute or more before passing on, and could not be urged to hasten.

Continuing, the old resident said: "When we finally reached the head of the coffin, the man who had me in charge lifted me, and I gazed with feelings, now indescribable, on the face of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of all men, living or dead, I thought, as he lay there lifeless, the victim of an assassin's bullet. That countenance I can still recall distinctly." It was a massive forehead, a face swarthy and seamed, with shaggy, overhanging brows, high cheekbones, and hollow cheeks, and here and there, perhaps, in three or four places, small, dark-blue spots, that, in recalling them later in life, I thought might have been indications of coming decomposition, for the art of embalming had not then reached its present state of efficiency. Coarse, black hair was brushed away from the forehead and parted low on one side. Whether or not there was a beard, I do not remember. I felt very solemn and awe-stricken when replaced on the floor and led to the north door of the room. There I met my father's friend. How I left the inclosure I do not remember, but I have no recollection of again climbing the iron fence."

With his father and mother the boy returned to the locality of the funeral train, and he remembered that on the way he saw the same long line of people still slowly creeping up the State Street hill. It was the intention to see the train leave, but after a long wait the idea was abandoned and the homeward trip started.

She Remembered Lincoln.

I have just read a life of Lincoln, and it took me back fifty years. We then lived in Albany, N. Y. The city was ablaze with flags and bunting ready for the reception of President Lincoln. He was taken in an open barouche with the governor and mayor through the principal streets to the capitol. I saw him face to face, his tall hat in his hand.

Next time it was in a city draped in mourning. He lay in state at the capitol. Colonel William Young of the Eighteenth New York, who was bodyguard, took my husband and self at 2 a. m., to take the last look upon him we so loved as our President.

Next, a young engineer, P. M. Arthur, had the honor of taking his remains to Springfield, Ill. He afterward became grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.—The Christian Herald. 1873

Elias Toy, 90 years old, said to be the conductor of the train that in 1865 carried Lincoln's body from Philadelphia to New York, died August 22 at his home in Philadelphia.

Lincoln's Funeral in Albany.

To the Editor of The Argus:

These are days when we are glad to recall every incident connected with the death of Lincoln. They appeal to the heart of every true citizen who believes in his country and is proud of its past.

My recollection of the murdered President goes back to the day of his death. In April, 1865, I was a clerk in the postoffice at Watertown, fresh from my first experience as a school teacher in my native county of Oswego. I succeeded my friend, the late Governor Flower, whom I first saw through the general delivery window of the postoffice, working like a hero in his shirt sleeves. While acting as clerk the postmaster often designated me to take the old-fashioned mail car from Watertown to Ogdensburg or Rome whenever the regular "route agent" was prevented from going. On the evening of April 14 I took the car from Watertown to Ogdensburg, leaving about 7:30 o'clock and reaching Ogdensburg about 11. Gathering a little sleep on a pile of mail bags, we left on our return about 3 o'clock, reaching Watertown at 7. I needed sleep and found it in a little room off the postoffice. About 9 o'clock an associate aroused me with the startling announcement that the President had been shot. It went through me like an arrow. There was sadness upon every face. It was certainly the saddest day of the republic, made more impressive by the fact that only a few days before we had rejoiced at the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

On the day of the funeral at Washington funeral exercises were held in every city. There was a long parade of the citizens of Watertown, followed by a public meeting and an oration by the late Judge Mullin. After the funeral at Washington it was announced that the funeral party, on its way to Springfield, Illinois, would pass through Philadelphia, New York, Albany and other cities. On April 25 the dead President's body laid in state in New York. In the evening the party started for Albany, where the body was to lay in state in the Assembly chamber of the old Capitol on the 26th. When the route was announced Postmaster Len Smith, of Watertown, one of the kindest hearted men in the world, invited me to accompany him to Albany on April 25. I gladly accepted, for it gave me an opportunity to visit the city for the first time and to witness the funeral parade.

We reached Albany at 4 o'clock on April 25, stopping at Stanwix Hall. Late in the evening I walked up State street, which was lined on both sides with people awaiting the arrival of the funeral party. In those days there was no bridge across the Hudson at Albany. Crossing was made by ferry to Greenbush. About 10 o'clock I climbed a lamp post at the head of State street and held my position until the arrival of the funeral train across the river. It was nearly midnight when the procession proceeded across the river and made its slow and mournful way up State street, preceded by a band playing a dirge.

At that time there was a high iron fence around old Capitol park. The hearse was halted at the entrance and the coffin taken into the chamber, up the steps from which Lincoln four years before had made a speech on his way to Washington. It was announced that the Capitol would not be opened to visitors until the following morning. I returned to Stanwix Hall, went to my room, and at 4 o'clock on the morning of April 26, a bright, beauti-

ful day, I was almost the first to enter the Capitol. I well remember my feelings as I first looked upon the remains of Mr. Lincoln. I said to myself: "There lies the body of a murdered President. Why was he murdered? Who murdered him?" Various emotions stirred me. I had read of his patience, his trials, his discouragements, his sympathy and his proverbial good humor. It was an object lesson in the study of the gravest incident in American history and it influenced my opinion in all my after life. From that moment I have been interested in everything pertaining to the greatest character our country has ever produced.

At the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth (1909) it was my pleasure to act upon a committee in New York city whose particular work was to perfect a plan by which in every school room in that city a selected scholar, or a class of scholars, should, at exactly 12 o'clock on February 12, recite the Gettysburg address. This was done and the program adopted in a large number of cities throughout the Union.

From an educational standpoint it is interesting to know that the Gettysburg address, which Lincoln himself so much underrated, as he compared it with Edward Everett's finished oration, hangs to-day in the University of Oxford as a sample of the best English. Lincoln never studied or spoke Latin or Greek, but he could speak the English language so that his people could understand it.

CHARLES R. SKINNER,
Albany, April 23, 1915.

When Abraham Lincoln Lay in State at Albany

New York Herald Tribune
Feb 12, 1957

By John L. Cooley

THE only legacy my grandmother left me was a collection of personal reminiscences, including one about Abraham Lincoln. She saw him in the New York State Capitol—dead.

Grandma first told me the story at about the time I was beginning my history studies, and I considered it quite the best of the recollections that helped me get high marks in that subject; I could frequently supplement classroom work with an incident she had related.

My generation grew up in the slowly evaporating backwash of the Civil War. Our grandparents had been in or touched by the war, and their eagerness to share memories of it provided an opportunity for younger folks to paddle in the tributaries, if not the mainstream, of history. Many of the older men in our upstate New York town were veterans, so your grocer, doctor or the seller of licorice sticks at the corner store liked to dispense martial anecdotes with his goods or services. I sometimes wonder whether today's children are faring so well; television and radio can leave neither time nor taste for stories of the Argonne Forest, the Bulge, or Korea.

Reportorial Instincts Of Grandmother

Anyway, I have always been grateful that Grandma had so sharp a sense of boyhood's news values.

I have recently read newspaper accounts of Albany's Lincoln "obsequies," as the headline writers called the solemn pageant of April 26, 1865, and I

and with the exception of the funeral of the late Mrs. Ralph M. Hill, of Joseph Calvert Hill, son of Mr. Diane Louise Cummings, to Mr. Cummings, of their daughter, Miss Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. Dane P. Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H., to Mr. and Mrs. Dane P. Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H.

Classmate at Tufts

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

Miss Cummings to Wed

panions alighted from their train they joined the throng.

"It was really something," she said. "You could hardly move . . . people, people, people, and everybody so quiet."

The girls stepped into the four-abreast line at the foot of State St. for the slow pilgrimage to the capitol on the hill. I'm certain Grandma made a pretty picture, with her fair face and hair, and blue eyes. No doubt some of the young men in the crowd forgot the solemnity of the occasion as they looked at her.

Silence and Flowers At President's Bier

Slightly more than four years previously Abraham Lincoln, stopping in Albany en route to his first inauguration, had gone bare-headed up the same hill to talk in the Assembly Chamber. He told New York's legislators that when the right time came he would speak.

On the sad, beautiful morning of Grandma's trip to the capitol—the day was perfect after the previous evening's showers, she recalled—the Assembly's meeting place held a black coffin, draped with a silk flag. It rested on a simple platform covered with black velvet and silver ornaments. Chairs and desks had been removed from the center of the big hall to make way for the President's return.

"I never saw such flowers!" Grandma exclaimed. She and her friends had brought blossoms, too. She didn't identify them for me, but of course I like to think, now, that they were lilacs from her own doorway. However, they could hardly have been ready at that stage of the eastern New York

Mr. and Mrs. Dane P. Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H., to Mr. and Mrs. Dane P. Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Dane P. Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H., to Mr. and Mrs. Dane P. Cummings, of Peterborough, N. H.

AROUND THE TOWN. EDGAR S. VAN OLINDA

Lincoln Stopped in Albany Twice

Tomorrow we celebrate Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, 1809. His death day was April 14, 1865. Twice he visited Albany, the first time in the full glow of health when he stopped over in this city, Feb. 18, 1861 on his way to his inaugural in Washington, D. C.; the second time, cold in death as his body lay in state in the old Capitol, on his way to his final resting place at Springfield, Ill., victim of assassination by actor John Wilkes Booth, in Ford's Theatre, Washington, while attending a performance of "Our American Cousin."

News of his death was received in Albany with horror and the city went into deepest mourning.

When announcement was made from Washington that his remains would pass through Albany and that his body would remain here long enough to permit the features of the beloved statesman to be viewed for the last time, preparations were begun to make the mournful event one memorable in the annals of the Capital of the Empire State.

The funeral train reached this city by way of the Hudson River Railroad on Tuesday, April 25, 1865 at 11 P. M.

In accordance with the edict of Mayor Eli Perry, bells of all churches were tolled and minute-guns fired from the arrival of the body until it was deposited in the old Capitol.

Mourning Crowds

Streets along the route of march were crowded with citizens, although it was midnight. All stores and public buildings were tastefully arranged to honor him. The patriotic proprietor of Stanwix Hall, the Broadway hotel, a Mr. Ryder, had arranged in front of his home an inscription from Lincoln's favorite poem, "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

When the hearse reached the Capitol, a guard of the Reserve Corps was stationed there to preserve order and keep the immense crowd under restraint. All gates of the building were closed and no outsiders were admitted. The coffin was

removed from the hearse and carried to the Assembly Chamber where it was placed on a platform provided by B. W. Wooster, the undertaker. It was heavily draped in mourning, beautifully decorated with silver fringe and stars.

In accordance with the announcement that the coffin would not be opened until six o'clock the following morning, the large gathering began to disperse. The procession the next day was one of the most solemn and imposing ever witnessed in this city. All through the night and during the following day, strangers continued to pour into the city until the hotels and other places of accommodation were filled to overflowing.

Lay in State

The remains lay in state in the Assembly Chamber from 6 A. M. until 12:30 P. M., during which hours they were viewed by thousands of heart-broken citizens.

They passed into the building in regular order, two abreast, through the front entrance and out in single file through the North and South exits. During the entire day, business throughout the city was wholly suspended.

At 2 P. M., the procession moved up to Dove, to Washington Avenue, to State Street, North Broadway and thence to the Central railroad crossing where the body was again placed on the funeral train for the West. While the procession was moving, church bells were tolled again and the minute-guns fired. No carriages, badges, nor political devices of any kind were permitted in the civic portions of the cortege.

Another link to Albany is the case on the second floor of the present Capitol, containing relics of the martyred president. One may see the silk flag which draped his coffin while he was lying in state in the Capitol; also in a small frame a piece of cloth used by the surgeon who attended Lincoln to stop the flow of blood from his death wound. The cloth was taken from his bed by a Mr. Stafford from the room in Mr. Peterson's house, across the street from Ford's Theatre. It was there that Mr. Lincoln expired without regaining consciousness following the fatal bullet from the derringer in the hand of John Wilkes Booth.





THE LOUIS A. WARREN
LINCOLN LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

1300 SOUTH CLINTON STREET / FORT WAYNE, INDIANA 46801

MARK E. NEELY, JR.
Director

Telephone (219) 424-5421

August 10, 1978

Mr. Willard Mounts
2585 South Holly Place
Denver, CO 80222

Dear Mr. Mounts:

Thank you for the reminiscence about the Lincoln funeral at Albany.
It would be helpful to know where the original came from. We are
always interested in any information on Abraham Lincoln.

Sincerely yours,

Mark E. Neely Jr
Mark E. Neely, Jr.

MEN/jaf

Original by:

Mary Louise Coffin

Then living in Lake George, N.Y.

Passed to Daughter Mary Carlota Smith 1930

Passed to son Claude E. Davis in 1964

*If you would like to see the original
to try to establish a paper date of mfg co.
please let me know*

Willard Mounts

from Willard Mounts
2585 S. Holly Pl
Denver 80222
12 July 1978

MY MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

While the rejoicing over Lee's surrender was at its height April 14, 1865, and then President Lincoln's great trials as war president were over, he was shot by an assassin, J. Wilkes Booth, and died early in the morning of April 15th.

Well do I remember that beautiful April morning. I was staying with my uncle, G. W. Chamberlin, whose home was on Ida Hill in Troy, N.Y. It was said at that time that Mr. Chamberlin had the most beautiful flower garden in the city. Miss Lucy Marsh was a guest in the home, and after breakfast we went out in the garden, as was our custom.

A horseman came up from the city, riding very fast, and as he saw us checked his horse long enough to say, "President Lincoln was shot last night and died this morning". Then on he went. This was the only way at that time to get news quickly to the small towns and to country people on the way.

We hurried into the house and told what we had heard. My uncle drove down to the city and found it was true. We could not realize our beloved President was gone. The South had lost its best friend and the North was in mourning.

Later we learned by the papers that he would be taken to Springfield, Illinois for burial, and for a day, would lie in state at the Capitol Building in Albany, N.Y.

Miss Marsh and I went to Albany on that memorable day, arriving early, and were among the first ones to pass through the gates. Soldiers formed an aisle from the entrance to the room in which President Lincoln lay. This room, with shades drawn and brightly lighted, was draped in black, our flag the only color.

The casket was placed on a catafalque, heavily draped in black, and near its head stood Major Rathbone at attention. It will be remembered that he was with President Lincoln when the fatal shot was fired.

The tired worn face of our President had a look of peace.

an old colored woman just ahead of us attempted to kiss him, saying between her sobs, "We have lost our best friend". Soldiers hurried her on.

On the wall near the casket, in large black letters on white, were the words "Charity to all, malice toward none".

Miss Marsh made inquiries as to where the funeral car was. We found it. The guards were very kind. We were allowed to see inside. A small white casket covered with flowers was in the car. The son of the family, who had died a few months before, had been kept in a receiving vault and was being taken to be buried beside his father.

By this time, people were coming on trains from every direction. Miss Marsh said we will find some place where we can see the crowd in front of the Capitol. We found an ideal place, an outside stairway. We chartered the top step. By ten o'clock we thought every one must be there, but at noon the street was packed -- Just one solid mass, and always more coming. The gates would open and let in a certain number and then close. We would pick out a colored parasol and look at the watch and in that way could see how slowly they moved. I was indeed thankful I had a pilot like Miss Marsh. More soldiers came and many women fainted and were passed out over the heads of people by men in the crowd, hats and wraps gone. I have never forgotten how dreadful it was, they were just held in the jam. Finally, at four o'clock, the gates were closed, and hundreds who had stood in line for hours had to return to their homes. They had not seen our martyred President and my heart ached for them. They looked so disappointed.

We were tired when we got home, but I have always appreciated the privilege I had, and the memory of that day is fresh in my mind.

Louise Coffin Smith

timesunion.com

print story 
back 

Lincoln, Albany were linked in tragedy

By PAUL GRONDAHL, Staff writer
Click [byline](#) for more stories by writer.
First published: Monday, April 24, 2006

The coffin bearing the body of President Abraham Lincoln arrived by train on the Rensselaer side of the Hudson River about 11 p.m. on April 25, 1865. It was loaded onto a ferry boat, taken across the river and transported through downtown Albany.

"The hearse and escort were flanked by a delegation of one hundred firemen, bearing torches, and preceded by Schrieber's Band, conveyed to the Capitol. The streets along the route were crowded with human beings, although it was midnight, and as the solemn cortege moved along, the people stood in silence, many uncovered, and exhibited deep sorrow. It was an imposing and heartfelt scene."

Thus began the coverage in the April 26 edition of the Albany Times & Courier, a precursor of the Times Union.

The city's population of 60,000 swelled with thousands more out-of-towners who came to mourn their slain leader and to view Lincoln's body, lying in state throughout the day on the 26th in the Capitol's Assembly Chamber, followed by procession with Lincoln's hearse through Albany.

"Burglars and thieves infest our city for evil intents today," the paper's editors warned. "Therefore, be on your guard and defeat their objects. If any suffer after this advice, we will only proclaim, 'Served right!'"

The paper missed a deeper story of local connections to the president's assassination.

The Times & Courier never reported the fact that Lincoln and his assassin, John Wilkes Booth, stayed in Albany on the same night in February 1861, just a few blocks apart, apparently unbeknown to each other.

President-elect Lincoln stopped in Albany by train en route to his inauguration in Washington on Feb. 18, 1861. He and his wife stayed at the Delavan House, the most prominent downtown hotel, and greeted thousands of well-wishers.

"That very night, the first and perhaps the only night ever passed by Abraham Lincoln in the city of Albany, an actor, almost unknown, except by name, was playing his first engagement at the little Gayety theater, on Green Street," wrote H.P. Phelps, an avid chronicler of the city's theater scene, in his book, "Players of a Century: A Record of the Albany Stage," published in 1880.

In 1861, Booth was 23 years old "and as handsome a man as ever graced the stage," Phelps wrote. Booth played Romeo to Annie Waite's Juliet during his first night in Albany. He later appeared as Pescara in "The Apostate" -- a physical role involving dagger play in which Booth accidentally fell on his knife and was stabbed.

"Had it gone a little deeper, how the whole course of future political events in this country might have been changed," Phelps wrote.

Advertisement



5.25% APR
Grab a great rate!
on a Home Equity Line of Credit
► Apply now
SEFCU
A Mutual Shares Bank

President-elect Lincoln and Booth did not cross paths in Albany, according to Phelps.

Another nexus between Albany and the Lincoln assassination was touched upon only in passing by the Times & Courier.

A young Albany couple, Maj. Henry Rathbone, 28, and his fiancée, Clara Harris, 20 (daughter of Ira Harris, a U.S. senator from New York), were last-minute, fill-in guests in President Lincoln's box at Ford's Theatre on the fateful night of April 14, 1865, for a performance of "Our American Cousin."

After Booth shot Lincoln in the head, Rathbone stood up and Booth slashed the major, leaving a deep gash on his arm. Rathbone managed to lunge at Booth, knocking the assassin briefly off-balance before the deranged actor leaped from the box down onto the stage to flee.

"Stop that man!" Rathbone shouted.

"Won't somebody stop that man?" Clara Harris called out.

In the frantic aftermath of the assassination, her evening gown turned crimson with the blood from her husband and from the President's mortal wounds.

That summer, Harris took the dress, which had not been cleaned, to her family's summer home in Loudonville. She put it in a closet and tried to forget.

She and Rathbone married in 1867 and had three children. But her husband's mental health and the legacy of the bloody dress from Lincoln's assassination continued to torture the couple.

Maj. Rathbone descended into madness. He did not respond to European doctors and asylum treatments. His shattered mind grew worse until Christmas Eve 1883 in Germany, when Rathbone shot his wife and stabbed himself in a bizarre re-enactment of the Lincoln assassination. She died. He was committed to a German asylum, where he died in 1911.

The bloody dress remained in the closet of the Loudonville home, which was eventually closed off by bricks. Clara Harris' dress, said to have haunted the house and the couple's lives, was reportedly burned in 1910.

At the time, while the couple was enduring its hellish post-assassination aftermath, the forerunners of today's Times Union failed to tell the full story of the dress and the Rathbones.

However, the paper in 1865 was good at reacting to the day's news.

The Times & Courier carried this item on April 27, 1865, the day after Lincoln's coffin was carried solemnly throughout downtown Albany: "The detectives yesterday arrested a gang of pickpockets who came to this city on Tuesday evening, in order to operate during the funeral ceremonies of the President."

"J.W. Reddington, a merchant of Lawyersville, Schoharie Co., had his pocket picked of \$50 yesterday. A gentleman named Otterman was also touched to the tune of \$50 while looking at the procession."

Paul Grondahl can be reached at 454-5623 or by e-mail at pgrondahl@timesunion.com.

All Times Union materials copyright 1996-2006, Capital Newspapers Division of The Hearst Corporation, Albany, N.Y.

[CONTACT US](#) | [SUBSCRIBE TO THE NEWSPAPER](#) | [HOW TO ADVERTISE](#) | [YOUR PRIVACY RIGHTS](#) | [FULL COPYRIGHT](#) | [CLASSROOM ENRICHMENT](#)

